

# *The Brooklyn Jewish Center Review*

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NOVEMBER

1942

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# BROOKLYN JEWISH CENTER REVIEW

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## A GUEST OF HONOR

ON the Eve of Thanksgiving a large audience will assemble at the Brooklyn Jewish Center to testify to their appreciation and gratitude for Mr. Moses Ginsberg's services to the community. Not only will men and women who have known and worked long with Mr. Ginsberg at the Brooklyn Jewish Center be present but also the gathering will be honored by the presence of many civic and communal leaders who will come to show their esteem for the guest of honor. A magnificent banquet is being prepared and all timely and essential steps are being taken to make the occasion a memorable one.

It is with singular appropriateness that this great compliment is paid to Mr. Ginsberg. Spontaneously, heartily, and unanimously, the Center chose him as the guest of honor because he is a man of honor, a servant of honor. He was chosen not because of what he might or would give or do for the Center but for what he has done and given.

The day for this celebration is well chosen for it coincides with the successful campaign now being conducted to raise the needed funds for the elimination of the mortgage on the Center building.

No one has more constantly emphasized the importance of freeing the institution from the burden of the mortgage than Mr. Ginsberg, nor has any one else labored more tirelessly and devotedly towards that goal. "Before I die I want to see the Center without a mortgage," has been the wish frequently expressed by him.

To be the guest of honor at a fine gathering, coupled with the fulfillment of a high purpose, is a reward which comes to few men.

The place, too, has been fittingly chosen for this congratulatory event. For 23 years Mr. Ginsberg has lab-

ored, indefatigably and in a large way, to establish and develop the Brooklyn Jewish Center. With the patience, devotion and self-sacrifice of a mother, he has watched the Center grow from an idea to its present important position. The worker has good cause to rejoice in his work. The seed he helped to plant 23 years ago, and which he constantly nurtured, has yielded good fruit. The Center is a product of his mind and life. His dream has received magnificent shape and form. His faith and his labors have been rewarded.

What prevailed upon Mr. Ginsberg to pursue such activity? Why did he make it his burden? Why did he persist in his zeal? His undertakings sprang from a Jewish sense of duty, a moral duty to advance the spiritual health of the community. He was unable to feel at ease in the presence of duty unfulfilled.

More than at any previous age in history, our world needs desperately this sense of communal awareness, this sense of civic duty, as a working-power in our every-day life. It is this sort of social conscience which is the hope and safeguard of society, the source and symbol of our democratic way of life. The world cannot be right until man is right. Man is not right when, like the ant, he only collects and uses, or, like the spider, merely makes cobwebs out of his own substance.

When the matter of the dinner was first broached to him, Mr. Ginsberg pleaded that he did not merit such honor. It was only after much persuasion that he yielded, and then on the condition that he be regarded simply as a representative of the many men of the Center who, in close and remarkable co-operation with him, made the redemption of the mortgage possible. He specifically requested that these men also be given places of hon-

or and distinction. It is fitting, therefore, to mention here, within the limits of the available space, the names of some of these men who, conscious of their responsibility to this institution, gave their wholehearted and noteworthy aid in behalf of the mortgage campaign.

Included in this honor list are: our beloved Rabbi, Dr. Israel H. Levinthal, who has invested this campaign with a moral aura and quality and infused its many valiant workers with the fervor of spiritual crusaders; the Chairman of the Mortgage Campaign Committee, Max Herzfeld, whose conviction of the necessity and success of the enterprise created an atmosphere of optimism which gave a vitalizing and sustaining impetus to the campaign; Samuel Rottenberg, who, with renewed fire and vigor, preached incessantly the responsibilities of the members to the Center; Samuel Lemberg, whose foresight helped initiate the project and whose undaunted enthusiasm was matched by his vigorous efforts; David Goodstein, whose inexhaustible enthusiasm impelled him to make it his daily task to advance the campaign; Morris Brukenfeld, who, through his never-failing common-sense, proved himself a tower of strength in the drive; Isidor Fine, whose wise counsel and diligent efforts were invaluable to the project; Maurice Bernhardt, whose constancy to Center activities is proverbial, and who assumed an important role in the present task; our beloved president, Joseph M. Schwartz, who, virtually from a sick-bed, was one of the leaders in the campaign; Judge Emanuel Greenberg, who with his usual devotion and assiduity, plunged wholeheartedly into this noble work; Samuel Greenblatt, one of the founders of the Center, who missed no opportunity to participate in the great mitzvah of redemption; Hyman Aaron, who, as usual, distinguished himself as a sturdy pillar in Center activities; Morris Miller, who again manifested his deep interest in the

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Joseph M. Schwartz, President Emanuel Greenberg and Hyman Aaron, Vice Presidents David Goodstein, Treas. Max Herzfeld, Secy  
Israel H. Levinthal, D.D., D.H.L., Rabbi Joseph Goldberg, Administrative Director



Center; and our omnipresent Administrative Director, Joseph Goldberg, whose advocacy of the elimination of the mortgage antedates the present campaign, who, quietly and inconspicuously early turned the attention of the leaders to this problem, and who, with admirable ease and skill resolved the administrative complexities of the campaign into a smooth and practicable path for the workers to follow.

Numerous, too, are the other members of the Center—whose names, we regret, cannot be recorded here for lack of space—who were valiant soldiers in this campaign.

Our guest of honor frequently employed a favorite phrase: "and so on." This phrase may well be applied to Mr. Ginsberg himself. May he continue "so on"—on and on—as he has conducted himself before. May he long continue to use his great talents and resources for worthy causes. May he continue for many years to come to be that fine instrument by which the other members of the community may learn and receive the example of humanity and social sympathy of which the world is so much in need.

—LOUIS J. GRIBETZ

## "JEWS AS THE FIRST HERRENVOLK"

*From an editorial in the London  
Jewish Chronicle)*

HERE is an observable tendency nowadays to describe the racialism of Hitler as really a Jewish doctrine, and, oddly enough, this seems to be creeping into Christian pulpit deliverances. It was most marked, perhaps, in a sermon preached some time ago by the Rev. Dr. L. Hodgson, Canon of Christ Church and Regius Professor of Moral and Pastoral Theology in the University of Oxford.

"Convinced that they were the chosen people," declared the Canon, "the Israelites had for long interpreted this vocation as commissioning them in the name of God to overpower and either exterminate or reduce to subjection all other peoples. Despite the protests of a long line of prophets through whom God was seeking to educate them out of this delusion, it persisted to the end: the ideal of a world order based on the dominance of a Herrenvolk is one of the genuinely Jewish contributions to political theory."

There is, of course, no truth in this charge, so terribly grave in existing conditions. Against it need only be

# "JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES"

"בנינו לבין עצמנו"

## *An Intimate Chat Between Rabbi and Reader*

**F**OR three weeks, from November 15th to December 3rd, the American people will witness a unique campaign that will be carried on in every community throughout the land. It will be known as the United Church Canvass, and will be under the joint auspices of all religious bodies in America. The purpose will be to promote the cause of religion among all the people of our land, and for once we will have a real united effort of all denominations.

The campaign has interested some of the leading figures in public life. President Roosevelt has given it his warmest endorsement and his wholehearted encouragement. All other drives will suspend for this period, so that nothing will interfere with its success. Even the American Red Cross which was to have had its annual Enrollment Drive at this time, has postponed its effort in order to be of service to the United Church Canvass.

The purpose of the movement is to interest every man, woman and child in the role that religion plays, and to bring them closer to the House of God of their denomination. It is a movement to bring new strength to the Synagogue and to the Church, and to create a closer bond between these institutions and the people. Through the press and the radio, an effort will be made to promote Church and Synagogue attendance, and to increase the support of these institutions so that they may be of greater usefulness to the communities.

It is true that in America we have a separation of Church and State. The Church has no official connection with our governmental affairs. This is one of the great blessings of our American Democracy, an important forward step in the whole concept of political

life. It is, however, equally true that religion plays a vital role in the lives of the great mass of the American people, that the heart of the American people is devoted to God and to God's Law. That, too, is the secret of the strength of America. And the more that the truths of religion become part and parcel of our lives, the greater will be the strength of our beloved country.

In these days in particular, when the forces of barbarism are threatening to destroy the ideals of religion, it is even more necessary for us to rally around the banner of religion and to give it our wholehearted devotion.

By a happy coincidence, the Center effort to pay off its mortgage comes at the same time as this United Church Campaign. That effort, too, is the symbol of our realization of the great value of an institution such as ours in the defense of the ideals for which America is battling today.

But the purpose of the Campaign goes far beyond mere financial support. That is essential, but that alone is not enough. Its real purpose is to instill the habit of Church and Synagogue attendance, to make prayer a vital and essential part of our lives.

I feel confident that all our Center members will give this effort on the part of all religious forces their fullest cooperation and heartiest support, and will, by their more frequent attendance at all our services, show that they value the priceless benefits which communion with our God can bring to us.

*Israel H. Perutthal*

set the Jewish law of equality for the stranger and the inborn, or the fine and lofty principles enunciated by the Jewish sages in such sayings, e.g., as that the pious of all nations have their portion in the world to come. The Israelites did, it is true, regard themselves as the "chosen people," as many other peoples have done or still do. But they used the words in the

sense that they had been the chosen medium for the proclamation of the Divine law. If Dr. Hodgson denies this he is challenging Sinai and laying the axe at the very roots of the creed that he expounds and presumably wishes to practise. Jews have never abused this high God-given privilege. Always they have regarded it as a burden, though a joyful one.

**I** MET Henry Torres at his desk in the office of *La Voix de France*, a French newspaper of which he is now editor-in-chief. This exile and refugee from his native French soil proceeded to speak to me in very eloquent, fluent and forceful French that rapidly revealed the brilliant orator, the world-famous criminal lawyer, the prominent political personality, the noted journalist and the fighting Frenchman whose courtroom battles brought life and liberty to those seemingly doomed to certain death and destruction. As I listened to him, I soon began to see unfolded before me the story of the man who has been described as the Clarence Darrow of France.

Torres was born on October 17, 1891. His father's services to France were recognized in honors bestowed upon him, and his mother was the former Berthe Lavaillant, daughter of an official who played a prominent part as prefect and director of national defense during the early days of the Third French Republic.

His parents settled in the great French port, Bordeaux, when he was a child. There Henry Torres received his early schooling. The education and instruction given him did not stress to the slightest degree any elements of Judaism. The few Jews found in Bordeaux, as Torres told me, had little interest in Jewish culture or their Jewish origin. However, the Dreyfus case was still agitating the world then, and as he grew older Henry commenced to hear more and more about the ordeal of Captain Dreyfus. He became more conscious of his own Jewish origin and of the sufferings of the Jewish race. Today he recalls with pride how, as a boy, he came in contact with one of the chief agitators against Captain Dreyfus and struck at him repeatedly with his fists. He also cherishes the memory of his meeting Dreyfus in later years and of the expression of gratitude from the Jewish martyr when Torres related this boyhood incident. And when, in 1935, Dreyfus went to his eternal resting place, Torres stood beside the sole surviving son, Pierre, at the funeral procession.

Torres chose the law as his profession, and studied in Paris. He quickly became prominent as a brilliant attorney and a fighter for causes he believed in. When the first World War commenced, Torres joined the fighting forces of France. He was seriously

wounded in battle and awarded the *Croix de Guerre* and given four citations for conspicuous bravery.

Released from the military hospital, he turned for some time to journalistic activities. As general secretary of the newspaper, *L'Eclaire*, he gained some knowledge of journalism. A half year later he became editor-in-chief of the *Journal du Peuple*.

Later, through his journalistic work, he acquired an interest in politics. He served as the political director of *L'Oeuvre*. Within a year he was a member of the Chamber of Deputies. His eloquence and ability elevated him in the Chamber to the rank of Vice-President of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. In that capacity he presented to the French deputies for ratification the Franco-Soviet non-aggression pact. His support and that of Herriot paved the way for a favorable vote on the pact. Today he ascribes his subsequent defeat at legislative elections to the interest he took in this treaty, but he is firmly convinced that he acted for the very best interests of France.

For a while he specialized in dramatic criticism. The *Guinguette* engaged him as its critic. He collaborated on the adoption of the popular American play, "The Trial of Mary Dugan." The production was very successful.

Torres is, however, first and foremost a lawyer. I learned from him that he used to be in courtrooms almost daily, often handling as many as six lawsuits in one day, and at times pleading before judges and juries till midnight.

"I have defended many outlaws in my life, and now I myself am an outlaw," Torres says. He refers to his being forced to flee for his life from a regiment unfriendly to Jews.

He looks back upon his legal services with a feeling of satisfaction because he steadfastly refused to accept the defense of all associated with fascism. He relates how agents of a Yugoslav Quisling appealed to him to represent those responsible for the as-

## *The Story of the Clarence Darrow of France*

By SAMUEL PASNER

sassination in 1934 of the Yugoslav King Alexander and of the French Foreign Minister Barthou, and adds with pride that he emphatically refused.

Torres also refused to represent the family of a Croatian deputy who was said to have been murdered at a parliamentary session, because he was convinced that the Croatian movement was closely linked with Italian fascism.

On the other hand, he defended vigorously every person who was prepared to avenge injustice.

The trials in which he participated often reflected the political history of the times. Of all these cases, Torres today believes that the most difficult to try was the one involving Sholem Schwartzbard.

Born in Russia, Schwartzbard left his native land for France and fought with the French army during the First World War. He was wounded and received the *Croix de Guerre*.

His brother Ferdinand too fought for France and too, won the *Croix de Guerre*. Subsequently, Schwartzbard returned to Russia, where he remained until 1920. He became an eye-witness to terrible pogroms in Ukraine, of mass massacres of Jews said to number fifty thousand. He learned of the death of about fifteen members of his own family, and considered Simon Petlioura responsible for those deaths. He sought vengeance. He returned to Paris in search for Simon Petlioura. When he found him, he fired his revolver at him five times, exclaiming, "Murderer! That is for the massacres! That is for the pogroms!" The head of the armies of the republic which was established in Ukraine died. Schwartzbard, told of his death, declared: "I killed a murderer."

The Jewish world was galvanized into instant action. They saw in Schwartzbard an avenger of injustice and pogroms.

Torres told me that he determined



to change the accused into an accuser, and to conduct the trial against the pogroms. In fact, as he concluded his masterful summation to the French jury, he turned to Schwartzbard and exclaimed: "No, it is no longer you, Schwartzbard, who are on trial here: it is the pogroms." Then he asked the jury to declare his client innocent "in order to condemn the pogroms of yesterday," and "in order to prevent the pogroms of tomorrow." "It is as a Jew," Torres told the jury, "that Schwartzbard decided to commit the act which, in his mind, was to avenge the Jewish people for the atrocities committed by the armies of Petlioura and of which he had been the outraged witness."

Sholem Schwartzbard was acquitted.

Messages of congratulation reached his advocate from all parts of the world. From New York he received these congratulatory words: "American Jewry, in particular the Federation of Ukrainian Jews in America, congratulate you with all their hearts for your success in the liberation of Schwartzbard." Another message from Argentina read: "Thousands of Jews gathered together in the great synagogue of Buenos Ayres, celebrating in an impressive meeting the historic acquittal of Schwartzbard by a French jury and tribunal, congratulate our dear Counsellor Torres." From Beyrouth the Jews wrote him: "We admire French justice. We congratulate you on your pleading of a noble humanitarian cause."

The Schwartzbard case aroused Torres, the man, towards a realization of the position of his co-religionists, just as the Dreyfus case had aroused Torres the boy. He wrote in a pamphlet that "the Jewish suffering characterizes, and we might say, symbolizes, all the sufferings of humanity," and added that "it is not tomorrow, it is this very day that we must spread hatred of anti-Semitism."

Later, when a Jewish young man of seventeen fired the shot that killed Ernst vom Rath, of the secretarial staff of the German Embassy in Paris, Torres hastened to prepare the defense of the accused, Herschl Grynszpan. He saw Grynszpan constantly, comforted him with his presence, and interviewed witnesses from Poland. But a decision was reached to postpone the case. Torres today speaks with admiration of this boy as one who tried to avenge the wrong done to his co-religionists after he had received a

letter from his parents at the Polish frontier to which the Gestapo cruelty had driven them together with many other Jews.

When the Nazis attempted to fasten the blame for the Reichstag fire on certain individuals, these appealed to Torres to defend them. Hitler refused to permit him to go to Berlin. Torres, therefore, addressed a huge mass meeting in protest in Paris. He believes today that this propaganda forced the Nazis to abandon a plan they formed to declare guilty all the accused and to put them to death.

Torres used the same strategy that he followed in the Schwartzbard case to obtain an acquittal for the Parisian girl, Germaine Berton. She was accused of shooting Marius Plateau, head of the royalist movement in France, which was regarded as responsible for attempted violence against French Jews. The commission of the act was conceded at once, but the motive ascribed to this girl by her advocate served, as in the case of Schwartzbard, to transform the accused into an accuser in the eyes of a jury. She also was acquitted.

At times Torres travelled to foreign lands to defend his clients. He went to Kishineff where hundreds of Besarabian peasants had been arrested, charged with participating in an insurrection against the Roumanian government. They had been kept like beasts in iron cages and were led in chains—nearly four hundred and fifty of them—into the courtroom. Torres fought against apparently hopeless odds, but not one of these peasants was sentenced to death.

His clients included many persons of high rank. Among these was Colonel Macia, accused in Paris of being a political emigrant who had organized a revolt on French soil against the late Spanish King, Alfonso XIII. Macia was forced into exile, but later became the President of a newly-organized Catalan republic.

Torres, too, was the lawyer of the Princess de Broglie in a proceeding in which her family seemed determined to have her adjudged insane. Her advocate won freedom for her.

He similarly fought for Lady Owen, a Frenchwoman married to a British member of the nobility. She was charged with murder, but the skillful pleading of her counsel reduced her punishment to only a few years in prison.

Torres speaks of his successful

fight for freedom of the press brought in a sensational libel suit by the government official Bonny against the French newspaper, *Gringoire*. He remembers his battle against the forty-six year old woman, Germaine d'Anglemont, charged with murder of a French prefect, and her condemnation by a jury.

Today Torres has ended his pleas before judges and juries in court. He told me he no longer expects to appear as a criminal lawyer. After reaching New York, he became actively associated with the Free French organization in the United States. At a mass meeting in the Cosmopolitan Opera House he urged all Frenchmen to support the movement led by Gen. de Gaulle. At present, he has placed his pen in the service of propaganda against the Axis. He recently published a book about Pierre Laval bearing the title "France Betrayed." Not only does he brand Laval as a traitor but he also accuses him of being surrounded by traitors. He tells us of Laval's collaborationist attitude towards Hitler and Mussolini as far back as 1935.

As the editor-in-chief of *La Voix de France* he has an opportunity to attack and assail not only Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito but also all those who are collaborating with these three despots in their detestable roles. And recently in articles under his name in the *Jewish Morning Journal*, he has depicted the poisonous propaganda of the Nazis against Jews. So far as French Jewry is concerned, he is convinced that when the Axis nations are defeated anti-Semitism in France will cease to exist and the new France will cling closer than ever to her former motto, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

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### **Interfaith Movement Progressing in South Africa**

THE Interfaith Movement is on the advance in South Africa. Much public support has been given to the Society of Jews and Christians which was recently organized. This Society publishes a magazine, *Common Sense*, which has on its editorial board outstanding members of the Christian and Jewish communities. The Minister of Education and Finance, an outstanding Christian statesman, is a strong advocate of the Society.

*Dr. Swift is rabbi of the Brixton and High Wycombe Congregations, England.*

## JEWISH EVACUATION IN ENGLAND

By RABBI M. SWIFT

**N**O record of this present war will be complete without the epic story of the evacuation; and memorable, indeed, will be the chapter of Jewish evacuation. The tragedies that have befallen the peoples of Europe are unparalleled in human history. Unequalled, too, are the blessings which many have been able to gather under the very claws of this devil incarnate. Those whose lives had become entirely void of every hope have been infused with a spirit of faith and trust in Providence—that invisible Force has again come to be recognized as a very tangible element in men's affairs. Humanitarianism in its deepest sense—the mitigation of each other's sufferings and the sharing of each other's sorrows—has been stimulated, and prominent in these pages of history that are being written now will appear the chapter in which the warmth of kindness and true Christian charity has swept aside age-long prejudices and centuries-old mistrusts. Irrespective of creed, denomination or race, without regard to differences of beliefs and practices, the English countryside has been transformed to a "Mamreh," and each home has become a "tent of Sarah," open at all sides to welcome the stranger.

No one more than the Jew can speak with greater knowledge and with a deeper sense of gratitude of this outpouring of the best that is in the English heart.

To the Jew the home has been the "heart" and the Synagogue the "soul" of his people. These have sustained his frail body through years of affliction. In September 1940, a new malady afflicted him—the Synagogue was blasted and home destroyed—heart and soul alike were exposed to a cruel enemy. The corporate life of his community had to be reconstructed in "reception areas," in many of which the Jew was as yet unknown, except as he had been depicted in vile Hitlerite propaganda. This but added to his difficulties, but he placed himself confidently in the hands of the country-folk into whose midst he had been brought; his confidence was never misplaced.

In common with his fellow non-Jewish evacuees he shared in full measure the hospitality and sympathy that

were showered on the exiled townsfolk. Within 12 hours of a blitz trainloads of people of all ages and of all classes arrived at the reception towns; church halls and other premises were speedily transformed to rescue centers; improvised domestic shelters were made ready for immediate use. A common enemy had united all kinds of people under one roof. The Jew and the Christian received an equal welcome; Rabbi was invited to confer with Vicar and Priest. Rooms were set aside for Jewish devotions and Hebrew instruction; Jewish representation was invited on the Councils set up to deal with the manifold problems associated with the evacuees; and courteous regard was paid to his special Jewish needs. The Rabbi was co-opted on the Ministers' Fraternal Group; he had access to municipal offices, to billeting and education authorities; step by step, perplexities were eased and difficulties overcome.

Not least among the acts of kindness shown were to be seen in innumerable Christian households, where the housewives offered to their Jewish guests special facilities in their kitchens so that Jewish scruples might be duly upheld. The Jewish "heart" began beating again, the Jewish home had been re-established in make-shift circumstances, but it really was home. The Jewish "soul," too, was uplifted; the Synagogue functioned again, and step by step he was able with the assistance of local authorities and of the Central Committees in London, to reproduce in his temporary surroundings many of those other vital elements of Jewish communal life which he had left behind him in town—guilds for his women-folk, clubs for his growing youth, study circles for his adults, and charitable organizations for his needy. London provided a band of willing ministerial and lay officers who set out to all parts of the country to assist in the task of establishing centers for the welfare of their co-religionist.

Perhaps the most striking evidence of this deep sense of brotherhood which a common suffering has brought to the people of these islands, is to be

seen in the readiness with which Church-halls were made available by the clergy without regard to denominational differences. The writer himself cannot easily forget the hospitality accorded him in one town where the Christian minister took him by the arm with a "Come, Rabbi, I will show you round"; thus the sense of comradeship grew and mutual respect was enhanced. In hundreds of European villages and towns this would spell the concentration camp for the Vicar as well as Rabbi.

Council schools and their headmasters, Salvation Army units and their leaders, none have stood aside. Religious instruction for children has been made possible. Guilds for womenfolk and activities for youth have begun functioning. Perhaps one may add without comment—because comment is not needed—that in many a country town the Town Hall has been placed at the disposal of the Jewish community for Passover Canteens and High Holy Services. In this spirit of cooperation and goodwill the Jew's yearning for his tradition has been abundantly satisfied and Jewry offers praise to the non-Jewish men and women whose Christian practice has made this possible.

In places to which the vilest anti-Jewish propaganda had penetrated, the Jew is no longer the caricature of the "Stuermer," but the Jew of the Bible. He has been enabled to show in places where he was previously unknown that he is an upright clean-living citizen filled with integrity and steeped in loyalty. He has taken his place in the civic and social life of his new surroundings, contributing to local charities, serving in the local Defense Forces, and playing his full part in all local efforts.

One wonders if this fight to the death against the disintegrating forces about us is not worth while; this may well be the greatest lesson of the war: "We agree to differ, but we resolve to love."



# The Center's Own Moses Ginsberg

By JOSEPH KAYE

ON November 25th, the members of the Brooklyn Jewish Center will honor one of their kin, Moses Ginsberg, at a dinner which will also — fittingly enough — serve as a climax to the campaign to redeem the mortgage which has sat so heavily upon the collective shoulders of the membership.

The active members of the Center know Mr. Ginsberg—for is he not a founder of the institution? Was it not Mr. Ginsberg who one day remarked calmly to a neighbor that it was time Brooklyn had a communal Jewish center like the then contemplated 86th Street Center in Manhattan — only three times as big? And when the neighbor—it was Louis Cohen—stared at Mr. Ginsberg in something like amazement and gasped—or at any rate observed excitedly — “But we haven’t any money!” Mr. Ginsberg waved his hand with an airy gesture, as though the financial consideration were completely incidental. “The money will come,” he said casually. And the money did come, and out of a bleak piece of Brooklyn ground there grew up one of the finest homes of Jewish communal activities in the world.

The membership of the Brooklyn Jewish Center knows all about Moses Ginsberg. They know all about him, and they love him for what he has done, not only for the Center, but for the numerous Jewish organizations with which he has been, and is associated.

But undoubtedly there is much more they would like to know about Mr. Ginsberg, as one likes to know more about a very good friend, so here are a few details about the career of this man which were painfully extracted from him. “Who wants to read about me?” he asked as an inquisitor trapped him in his office overlooking the old Aquarium. “Everyone in the Center,” he was assured. “Ah,” replied Mr. Ginsberg, a word which expressed complete disbelief. He turned his head to the window and looked out at a remarkably striking view of the New York harbor, with the afternoon sun plating the Atlantic waves with gold. And it was a view that emphasized man’s particular insignificance.

Painfully extracted then, the facts

of Mr. Ginsberg’s life are as follows: He was born in Pinsk, Russian Poland, the son of rabbinical stock, and came to New York when he was twenty-two. He landed, according to custom, on the East Side, and according to custom too, became an operator on men’s vests. He caught on to the work quickly and was made foreman. Even so, his salary was \$12.00 a week, and since he was a foreman, and had to prepare work for others, he began his day at 5 o’clock in the morning and ended it at midnight.

Such labor Mr. Ginsberg didn’t mind, but the niggardly returns repelled him. He left the shop and took to peddling drygoods and household articles. With a heavy pack slung across his shoulders that was just as heavy as historians have told us peddlers’ packs were, he trudged through Long Island every day, Flushing and Greenpoint being his favorite beats. To reach these—in those days—distant points, he had to take the ferry at 92nd Street, in Manhattan, and very often, to save expenses, he walked to the ferry. He chose his stock carefully and learned what would appeal to housewives. The customers generally treated him well, but janitors were antagonistic, and frequently chased him out of their sphere of influence. Mr. Ginsberg didn’t mind. There was always a roof over which one could return when the janitor had retired to the basement. He prospered. As soon as he had saved up a little money, he discarded the drygoods pack in favor of the much smaller jeweler’s bag.

Again he prospered. Most of his business was on the installment basis, but his customers—or the majority of them—happened to be honest, and his losses were few.

About five years after he had come to this country Mr. Ginsberg had saved up several thousand dollars. The city was spreading out, and real estate, solid earth, upon which people built homes and lived and reared families, appealed to him. He moved to Brownsville, colonized by so many of his fellow-Jews, and began buying and selling houses and land — first however, securing a home for himself and his wife and children.



*Moses Ginsberg*

The newcomer had vision as well as good business sense. He did well both for himself and for those whom he dealt with. He had many friends, who admired his ability and respected his judgment. Having become settled in the new community, Mr. Ginsberg could not rest easy until he knew that the children of the community were served by an adequate Talmud Torah. Where spiritual and national ideals are concerned Mr. Ginsberg has always been uncompromising. Both his heart and his mind were directed towards certain standards of Judaism, and from these he would not, and has not since budged. He wanted a Talmud Torah where competent teachers, working under a scholarly system, would teach in spacious and attractive quarters.

So he became one of the prime movers, in the building of what later was to be known—and affectionately—as the Stone Avenue Talmud Torah, and was its president for many years.

There was a Talmud Torah on Stone Avenue, but Mr. Ginsberg considered that Brownsville had long outgrown it. He decided that it must be torn down at once and a new institution erected in its place. While the new Talmud Torah was being built the children would be taken care of by the Hebrew Educational Society on Pitkin Ave. and Watkins St. His associates were disturbed by this plan.



"Why tear down the old before the new is built?" they asked. "Maybe you won't even get enough money to build the new. Let's erect a Talmud Torah elsewhere and leave the old building standing."

A new lot was, in fact, bought. But Mr. Ginsberg had other ideas. "If we don't tear it down," he said, "people won't be so ready to subscribe to a new one. He insisted he was right; and he was right; and his associates finally became convinced he was right, and the old Talmud Torah was torn down, while those still unconverted looked on in horror.

The wreckage of the old building brought \$250. Then Ginsberg made the contractor who was to do the masonry work deposit a thousand dollars as a guarantee that the job would be done well and on time. This \$1250 was the only cash the building committee had to start with.

The first \$4,500 in subscriptions was pledged at a gathering held in Mr. Ginsberg's home. Thereafter collections were made through house to house canvass by Mr. Ginsberg and other leading members of Brownsville. On one such collection trip a Mr. Kovinsky took him to the home of a prospect. The man left the two committee men waiting in the kitchen while he went into the living room further down the hall of the railroad flat to consult with his wife. When he returned, he addressed himself to Ginsberg. "You," he said, "I know by reputation. I can trust you." And he gave him two dollars instead of the one dollar he doubtless expected to give.

Mr. Kovinsky probably turned a little red, and Ginsberg fingered the two bills gingerly, embarrassed both by the donation and the manner of its offering.

But two dollars are two dollars; the men left, and presently were confronted by a huge factory building over which was spread the sign: "Rottenberg Knitting Mills." They took a chance and went in. They were greeted by a "giant of a man," as Ginsberg recalls, who was Samuel Rottenberg, and Ginsberg, looking up from his lower level, began to explain the purpose of the visit. "I know, I know," said Mr. Rottenberg, and abruptly walked off.

Ginsberg and Kovinsky looked after him, bewildered. Was this a dismissal or should they wait? While they were wondering what they should do, Mr. Rottenberg returned, and placed in

Ginsberg's hand a check—for a hundred dollars.

The two were stunned. From two dollars to a hundred! This man Rottenberg — he was a prince, a patron prince, a man in Israel to be treasured! They left the Rottenberg Knitting Mills elated and inspired. So emotionally stirred was Ginsberg by this transition from two dollars to a hundred dollars that he told his partner he had no more strength for collections that evening, and went home.

This meeting with Rottenberg began a friendship and association in communal enterprises between the two men which was destined to be of inestimable benefit to Brooklyn Jewry.

\* \* \*

The munificence of Rottenberg's donation Ginsberg was to contrast sadly with the contribution of a noted millionaire—whom we shall call here Mr. X—sometime later. During the heat of the drive for the Talmud Torah fund, Ginsberg discussed with an associate of Mr. X, the possibility of obtaining a donation from this man of great wealth. The associate suggested that they invite Mr. X, to the next meeting. Joyfully then Mr. Ginsberg spread the word that Mr. X, was to be present.

Long before the hour the meeting was to begin, the auditorium of the Talmud Torah where it was to be held was packed. There was an electric spirit in the air. The famous Mr. X, was to come. How much would he give? Five thousand? Ten thousand? Maybe twenty-five thousand! Such a millionaire, such a dispenser of charity—who knew?

Mr. X, came; Ginsberg declaimed the speech he had studied carefully for the past couple of weeks; the other addresses went off nicely—and Mr. X, left without saying a word.

There was a considerable letdown. Still, you couldn't really expect a man of such great importance to just put his hand in his pocket and plank down a roll of bills; or dash off a check. His contribution would come after due consideration—consideration of the great merits of the enterprise.

For days afterward there was excited speculation in Brownsville—how much would Mr. X, give? Finally, a week later, came an envelope with the name of the great man's firm inscribed on it. It came to Ginsberg. The check! Breathlessly Ginsberg opened the envelope. The check was there. Ginsberg saw the perforated edge even before he drew out the

letter into which it was folded. With fingers actually trembling he separated the check, and looked at the figure on it—two hundred and fifty dollars!

Poor Ginsberg kept that check for ten days before he had the courage to announce its arrival to his colleagues.

Of course, there is this to be said for Mr. X. To him the Stone Avenue Talmud Torah was only one of numerous interests that came into his life, while to Ginsberg and his devoted group the institution loomed mountain high.

\* \* \*

As both Mr. Ginsberg and Brownsville progressed one of the Jewish banks opened a Brownsville branch, with Ginsberg as one of its managers.

Here occurred one of the dramatic episodes of his life.

In 1914, the year the war broke out in Europe, most of the private banks were closed by the State Banking Department. Though Mr. Ginsberg's institution was declared solvent by United States District Court, it, too, was closed. By the decision of the court Mr. Ginsberg became sole trustee to liquidate the branch or to reopen it. In view of the fact that the bank had been closed for some time, Mr. Ginsberg decided to liquidate its assets and invited Mitchell May, who was then Secretary of State, and George V. McLaughlin, Deputy Superintendent of Banks, to become co-trustees. They accepted. The bank was liquidated and the depositors were paid in full.

When the banking episode was over, Moses Ginsberg had very little of his own money left. He had to make a fresh start. He looked around, and being still the man of keen vision, he thought that one could make a good living in the steamship business. He knew nothing about shipping, but there was a war, and shipping was of first importance to the success of the democratic side. With the assistance of certain banks he began chartering vessels and carried freight all over the world, and once more he did well.

After Germany made her infamous declaration that she would sink American vessels on sight, it was one of Moses Ginsberg's ships that was the first to be destroyed by a submarine. The ship was the "Algonquin," and her name went down in history as the pioneer victim of German barbarism.

With the winning of the war, and subsequent overbuilding of ships, the

*Continued on page 23*

**R**ABBI Levinthal has been in correspondence with the young men of the Center serving the American forces. The following are extracts from a few of the letters received by the rabbi:

"Dear Rabbi Levinthal:

"Undoubtedly you will recall my name, as I had the good fortune of being married by you a little more than six years ago. I am writing this note as I thought you might be interested in learning the whereabouts of a former member of your congregation, and to give you a brief description of our services for the New Year holidays, on the Island of Oahu.

"Our Chaplain is Capt. Harry Richmond who hails from the Mid West. He saw service in the last war and is back on the job again. What thrilled me most was Yom Kippur Eve, when time was very short for the services. We had to black out at a certain hour, but the services continued in total darkness, as the Chapel is not equipped for blackout. The Chaplain gave a wonderful sermon under these conditions, and you could hear a pin drop. It reminded me of the stories I had heard as a youngster and in more recent years of what has been observed in the Axis occupied countries, of the Jews praying in secluded spots, under Gestapo conditions. As I sat there in the total darkness the thought ran through my mind how lucky we were to be present under these conditions, knowing that we would not be disturbed, and that we were free to take our time to conclude our service. We did this with the singing of *En Kelehenu* and then met the following morning at which time I had the honor of *Gilel*. It is something I shall remember all my life, as this was the first time in history that the Torah was read in this part of the world, and the first time Jewish services were held at these barracks.

"Lt. Sidney Gemson."

\* \* \*

"Dear Dr. Levinthal:

"The New Year message you forwarded me was a thought which I shall cherish throughout my life. This New Year, whose outset is clouded with despair and deprivation for all peoples of this greatly upset world, will undoubtedly contain its "fox-holes" and "slit-trenches," but we men who have joined the ranks are determined to right the wrongs perpetrated through these past years, and at-

## LETTERS FROM CENTER BOYS IN SERVICE

tempt to restore civilization to a more normal plane and level.

"My brothers in arms are varied in character and religious viewpoints, but the central theme guiding and urging us forward is the staunch belief we carry in our hearts, that this is the second issuance of commandments that will restore the people of this world to unified action and a more unified interpretation of God's principles, so simply set forth, yet apparently so difficult to observe.

"We render service to our country in order to preserve our way of life, and the way of life of our beloved ones. We look with inspiration and thoughtfulness to the dictates of our God who has again caused this flood as punishment for a world losing faith. We recognize our misdoings—but we fervently pray and hope that with the opening service of *Kol Nidre* tonight, and the meditation of tomorrow, Yom Kippur day, that our prayers will serve as the world's forgiveness and that peace again be restored. As I enter the Temple portals this year, I recognize myself as a part and party of this world-wide revolution, so fraught with the blood and tears of humanity. My prayer for the New Year is my recognition of error and request for pardon; my prayer for the world upon our New Year is the same—the realization of victory and the return to home this coming year for all of my comrades dedicating their lives in penitence for misdeeds.

"With my very best wishes to you for a happy New Year, I am,

"Alvin G. Blumberg (Pvt.)"

\* \* \*

The following is an extract from a letter which was written to a parent, one of our members, by a boy in camp who broke the news that he was on active duty rather suddenly, over the telephone:

"... Then I blurted out to you that this was an overseas outfit. You might as well know. Because it would be quite a shock to you if you thought it wasn't and then found me gone. But don't take this badly — because it will be work that is descent and work that's close to me. After all why should others subject themselves to

death every day and I should hide behind someone else's gravestone? You must realize it's all or none, no matter what the sacrifice. We can't back out of this game. The stakes are too high, we must WIN!

"In this light you can see—we're determined. And feeling this way I can't stand slackers. You can see there's no more playing in this, and what must—must.

"Well, last night was something I enjoyed to the fullest possible extent. It filled my soul with satisfaction and my being with pleasure.

"I went to services last night. It brought me back to a lot I had let slip. It made me think of, oh, so many things. It made me proud to be a Jew. It made me remember my brother Jews—my obligations, my religion, my God, my family—my sins.

"The feeling of exhilaration I had when I left the Chapel was greater and finer than any I've experienced. It was almost like an awakening. Perhaps now religion was never more important to me—to all men in arms."

\* \* \*

Rabbi Levinthal answered that he was happy to read of this reaction to the religious services, and received a letter in reply, part of which follows:

"I would like to explain why I was so affected by our service and what led me to write as I did.

"For many years I associated with Gentiles. In fact, I've lived and slept and kept constant company with them. Until recently there seemed no difference between us. In short, my religion was becoming to mean less and less. I was beginning to think as they. And when I came home I picked at our religion to my father, who has the complete faith. He could not make me see the importance of having a profound faith in one's religion. For this I am ashamed and feel miserable about my blunderings before him.

"The services I attended jolted me, and as time draws nearer to our goal I can see how badly needed is our faith, my faith. I can't tell you how much I appreciated communicating with you, and how much your interest and good wishes mean to me."



## THE DEAD HAVE NAMES

By R. K. KENT

MAX Reinhold heaved the rigid body from his left shoulder and eased it onto the long bench, beside the eighteen others. A sigh twitched his large frame. How many more to-night? Pray God, none. He flexed his cold hands, then rubbed his numb shoulder . . . it felt as dead as the men he had been carrying all day. He adjusted his cracked glasses and explored the dead man's pockets. Frantically he pulled open the denim jacket and felt inside. It wasn't there. Max buttoned the jacket gently . . . poor devils had to die on their feet.

The big man recalled how he had gone to the Commandant of the Concentration Camp at the outbreak of this typhus epidemic and pleaded to have the men inoculated. How he'd rolled up his sleeve and shown his own vaccination scar. Being new in camp he'd even tried to argue a little with the officer. But the bulging eyes in the officer's beefy face were unsympathetic, the wiry moustache curled above a sneer.

"Pardon, Herr Strichtler, Sir," Max had thought to be humbly respectful, "I'd be willing to labor night and day for them."

Herr Strichtler sized up Max's figure. A malicious quirk twisted his mouth when his eyes rested on Max's capable hands. "Jah, you'll labor. Now get out!"

Max felt an intense hatred when he remembered the coarse hand lashing across his cheek. But the pain was better than the feeling of dead bodies ever weighing on his shoulder. When a man dropped dead Max was summoned to carry the body to the improvised morgue. Herr Strichtler found it a pleasure to give the order personally, punctuated by a blow behind the ear.

The dirty electric globe bathed the morgue in a dim and eerie light. On his hands and knees Max felt all over the floor. He shook his head sadly. There was no identification card for this man . . . the only thing Max could do for these poor devils was to save them from a nameless grave by placing their identification cards on their chests. And this was such a young man! Someone would be longing for some word from him . . . a mother, father, or sweetheart, perhaps. Max studied the strange face, then turned away wearily.

As he walked across the snow covered ground his insides boiled in nauseous rebellion. But what could he do?

What good were his education and business training now? May as well not think about it. But his mind trapped him. To-night . . . just this once, he must interfere; make some effort to have the man identified. He'd explain about the lost card. There were records. They would give the necessary details. Max turned reluctant footsteps toward the camp office. He tip-toed into the corridor and peered through the glass door. The Commandant was refilling a beer mug. To enter would warrant a beating and nothing gained.

Max stumbled into the barracks and dropped onto a hard bench. His eyes stared blankly at the gray faces in the room. What an utter coward he was! But everything was so futile now. This was no life . . . this brutal existence under the domination of mad men. The dead were better off. Why cling to life? But there was always a spark of hope that refused to die . . . hope that some day a visa would come, or the Allies would open the way to a new dawn. The men talked about it constantly . . . as if voicing it would make it so.

"How many today?" one of the prisoners asked.

"Nineteen," Max said dully.

"Who today?"

Max named a few. "I don't remember all the names." He dropped his head into his hands. The young man's glassy eyes still reproached him.

Max groaned. The lean old man who they called "Fatter" hobbled from his corner. He put a gentle hand on Max's thin hair. "Do not grieve, son. Those men will never be lashed again."

Max nodded. "I know. But to-night I lost one of the identification cards. Now his family will always wonder about him . . . always . . . into eternity. And he was so young. I . . . God . . . I was too cowardly to go to the office and ask to search the records for his name."

The old man shook his head. "To slip back to that morgue without a body on your shoulder would bring machine gun bullets."

Max threw up his hand impatiently. "Machine gun bullets . . . what are they? They strike a man only once."

The old man nodded, "But you

would accomplish nothing. Tell me about this young man . . . describe him."

"Light hair," Max said listlessly, "A thin face. But we all have thin faces now. Long thin hands—and yes, a scar from his eye to his left ear."

"Kicked," someone suggested.

"I suppose you don't know him,"

Max untied his worn shoes and carefully replaced the piece of cardboard that fell out when he removed them. His cold fingers worked with the knotted cord that held up his trousers, then he settled his tired body on the boards that were his bed.

The man in the next bunk spewed on the floor. Max sickened. How could a man sleep in this cauldron of death and misery? A groan came from across the room, and thick mutterings . . . there would be another one to carry to the morgue soon.

Sleep overtook Max slowly, and when it did someone shook him. "Get up Max . . ."

Max groaned. "Another corpse?"

"No. A line-up. Everybody out."

"Why a line-up?" Max asked amidst the activity of men getting out of bed.

The low building breathed rumors. "A beating . . . torture . . ."

"But why?" Max wondered aloud. Yet what did it matter why? There was no reason for anything any more.

"Someone sneaked into the morgue last night," rumor had it, "The search-lights caught a shadow, but even a machine gun can't kill a shadow."

"So we get beaten . . ."

"Absurd," Max scoffed, "No one sneaks into the morgue. I carry them in."

But he wondered. The dead men had coins on them, and tobacco. He went to help the old man dress, but found him fully clothed. "Why bother with excuses to beat us?" Max asked.

"It sounds so humane," the old man smiled bitterly.

They stepped into the early dawn together. Men were jostling one another into line. "A straight line, swine!" the guard shouted.

The men tried to square their gaunt shoulders. Each cast apprehensive glances at his neighbor. The old man beside Max stood rigid as a timber. Max tried to guide his mind away from this scene. He pondered the rumor about the morgue as the Commandant bellowed, "Three minutes I give them to confess. Who tried to rob the dead last night? Dirty swine . . ."

Max's lips curled. It made a difference who did the robbing. Men eyed each other.

Herr Strichtler consulted his thick watch. "Two minutes . . . one minute. All right . . . every other man step forward." He pointed to the left, "Start at that end of the line." Every eye turned in that direction. Max made a hurried count of the men . . . just as he knew every other man was doing. A wave of uncontrolled relief weakened him . . . He was lucky . . . no beating to-day.

The old man nudged him. "It would do no good for the man to confess," he whispered, "We'd be beaten anyway, as an example."

Max nodded. He marveled at the old man's courage. It was as if he had steeled his whole being against this torture. One at a time the men stepped forward. The only sounds were their heavy breathing, the crackling of frozen snow under heavy feet, the guard's curses. Max edged close to the old man so they stood shoulder to shoulder.

"Courage," the old man whispered, "I do not fear." It was his turn.

With a quick movement Max shifted slightly in front of him, gave him a nudge, and advanced two paces forward. Fool . . . but it was too late to turn back. A sardonic smile ugled the guard's face . . . he'd remember when he wielded the whip. Dully Max wondered why he did this. Then he shrugged . . . what did it matter?

"Shirts off," the Commandant yelled, "Now lie down . . ."

Hoarse groans . . . shrill cries . . . prayers . . . then Max felt the burning lash on his back. His nails dug into his palms as each stroke intensified the pain of the others. But only at last, when a heavy boot dug into his groin, did he moan. Then he rolled over and writhed his bleeding back into the comfort of the cooling snow.

The guards cursed and spat as they continued down the line. Men whimpered, and the whips whined like snapped violin strings. Crying, groaning, they crawled or were carried back to

the barracks. Through agony Max felt himself being tugged toward the barracks. "Courage, son, courage," the old man's voice came to him.

Herr Strichtler's shouts followed him. "Every dog at work in an hour." The words registered automatically. The pain was dominant now. An hour hence was an eternity, he might be dead by then . . . lying stiff and staring in the morgue.

The old man helped him to a bench. Gentle hands wiped Max's back, and applied soothing yellow grease. Max's shirt was being pulled on.

"I've been thinking, son," they avoided each other's eyes, "I know the name of that young man. It was Karl Zeibler. He was a good boy."

Max shook his head, "Too late," his swollen lips mumbled.

They sat silent amidst the coarse noises about them. The stench of the room was heavier than usual . . . the odor of bleeding sores mingled with those of body sweat and dirty feet.

"Too late . . ." Max liked the dole-

ful rhythm of the words, "Too late . . . too late . . ."

Finally the old man said, "Perhaps it is not too late. Perhaps they found the identification card. On his body . . . maybe . . ."

Max started to shake his head. Then he straightened and appraised his comrade sharply. For the first time in months Max felt a smile threaten his features. He held out his hand, but the white head had dropped to the table. Sobs shook the thin body. "You should not have taken the beating for me. I should have confessed . . . and I stood there like a coward. God forgive me . . ."

"Don't grieve, Fatter," Max said, "Any coward can take a beating. But it takes a brave man to defy the rules here. My back is not broken, only the skin is. True, it pains. But only when the pain is intense enough do I forget that I am carrying dead bodies. That boy last night . . . so young." Max smiled faintly, "But his loved ones will know . . . now."

## THE GREEN NECKTIE

By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

Translated by Alfred Werner

*This story was written in 1901 and published in a Viennese paper in 1903. Its moral reflects the tragic position of Israel, "the gentleman with the green necktie," in a prejudiced world. The translation was authorized by Heinrich Schnitzler, son of the late poet.*

**I**N a small house on the outskirts of the city there lived in complete privacy a young gentleman named Cleophas. One morning, however, he was seized with the desire of venturing out in the park. Therefore he dressed carefully as was his habit, choosing a new green necktie, and took himself off. The people he met greeted him politely, noticed that the green tie suited his complexion perfectly and for several days they talked with great admiration of Mr. Cleophas' cravat. Some of them tried to imitate him, but their ties were made of inferior material and tied without chic.

Some time later Mr. Cleophas took another walk in the park, in a new suit, but wearing the same green tie. Thereupon some people shook their

heads gravely and remarked: "Again the green tie! It seems that's the only one he has." Those who were ill-tempered as well as envious exclaimed: "He'll drive us crazy with his green tie!"

The next time Mr. Cleophas appeared, he wore a blue necktie. Someone said: "What an idea to come along suddenly with a blue tie!" Others declared: "We are used to seeing him wear a green one. We need not put up with his wearing a blue one today!" Some observed shrewdly: "He can't make us believe that this tie is blue. Oh no! Mr. Cleophas wears it, so therefore it must be green."

Next time when Mr. Cleophas took a walk he was dressed as carefully as usual, and wore a tie of the most beautiful purple. But when, from a distance, the people saw him approach, they jeered: "Here he comes, the man with the green tie!"

There was, however, a few individuals who could not afford to wear anything around their necks but a string. They explained that this string was most distinguished, and the *der-*

*Continued on page 22*



**D**URING the last years which I spent in Germany—1937-1939—I had to travel within the province of Brandenburg while working as an honorary counsellor for the benefit of our indigent co-religionists.

Once, when coming back from such a trip to a small town, I sat in the train with a gentleman who was apparently as bored as I was by the slowness with which we were progressing towards the capital of the Reich. However, to begin a conversation with a stranger in a railroad compartment was out of question in that time. You never could tell whether your fellow-traveller was a Nazi who would relay some harmless words to the Gestapo which could be turned against you. Thus we had spent almost two hours together silently, when suddenly the gentleman took a book out of his pocket and — look! — the title of this book was: "Learning English a Pleasure." It was a kind of second Bible of the Jews in those unhappy days. Without a word I took a similar book out of my pocket — and the ice was broken! We laughed heartily, introduced ourselves, and found we had the same final destination: the U.S.A. The rest of the trip was learning English a real pleasure.

I mention this little episode to show how the importance of a thorough linguistic preparation was recognized by the great majority of the prospective emigrants then. However, not everybody had the time or the opportunity to study the foreign language so profoundly as his situation required it. The consequence of the shortcomings in this respect became manifest when after the emigration the newcomer had to adjust himself to the struggle for existence in the new homeland.

I have a friend, who was a famous lawyer in Germany, an authority on German taxation. He came to this country without learning English. On top of this handicap he had a considerable defect in his speech.

No wonder that his attempts to speak English were a trial for himself and others. His brother-in-law, a man who had come to America more than four years before, and was already quite adjusted, would say, when hearing his relative speak: "Leo, when I listen to your English or to what you think is English, the chills run down my back!" My friend became more and more desperate. Finally, after many months of futile meditation, he came to see me and was quite excited.

## MEMOIRS OF A REFUGEE

By DR. ERNST WARSCHAUER

"Now I know what to do with myself," he told me. "I am going to the country and I shall buy a chicken farm. The chickens," he went on, "will forever be the only living beings able to understand my English." I could not help approving his resolution. Perhaps, here is the reason why so many refugees have bought chicken farms.

\* \* \*

The way how many refugees flounder about in their search for the appropriate English expression, often leads to funny situations.

A German couple had entered a Fifth Avenue bus. The wife found a seat downstairs, while the husband went upstairs. The conductor asked the wife for her fare, and the unfortunate lady did not know how to tell the conductor her husband would pay, and finally ventured: "The Lord is above!" The conductor was quite amazed when he heard these words. But he recovered and replied: "I am afraid, my dear lady. He won't pay!"

I don't guarantee that this really happened, but the story was told to me, and from my own experience, it sounds plausible—as does this other tid-bit:

A refugee, having just arrived in this country, was sheltered by American friends, a family Kahn. His English was quite elementary.

One night the Kahns both went out, leaving their friend alone in their flat. The telephone bell rang. The newcomer went to answer the call. Somebody asked for Mr. Kahn. The German guest said: "Too bad, but Mr. Kahn just passed away." "God Almighty!" was the response, "Where is Mrs. Kahn?" "She passed away too," the greenhorn declared. "And who are you?" asked the desperate friend of the Kahns. "I am only the ghost of the family," was the concluding revelation.

\* \* \*

Sometime ago I heard the following true story about a fellow-country-woman of ours who emigrated to the U.S.A.

She and her husband were, very cultivated people, but set in their ways. They had formerly been journalists and

had made a very nice living, but now they were forced to start from the beginning, as we all do when we arrive.

It is customary in this country for every woman to enhance her beauty artificially, using lipsticks, rouge, powder, nail-polish, and other make-up. Well, this woman could not make up her mind to do so; in fact she had a real horror of cosmetics, and her husband agreed with her. Besides, —only to excuse her, not to justify her—I might state that in Germany a woman with make-up seems strange and out of place.

In spite of the fact that she came highly recommended to the manager of a department store, he immediately turned down her application for a position, saying: "Dear madam, it is completely useless for you to waste any words. I can't engage you looking as you do. You would scare away the customers."

What do you think the lady did? She went into a beauty-parlor and said: "Please make me up with everything you have. Make an American beauty of me, no matter what you charge!"

Three days later she went back to the manager.

He immediately engaged her.

\* \* \*

Soon after we arrived from Europe we were sheltered by some relatives who lived in the Bronx. At first we used the Bronx Express to get downtown, but one day someone told us that the Third Avenue El route was much shorter. We carefully noted his instructions but my wife must have misunderstood him, for she got the impression that we had to change twice on the trip—at the Grand Concourse and Third Avenue stations. This resulted in our completing a neat circle each time we left the train at Grand Concourse. Emerging from this station we went upstairs, wandered around a bit, asked a passerby for help, and were directed to the very platform we came from.

After a week of these maneuvers

we suspected something was wrong. We lost confidence in our inquiries, and my wife decided to solve the enigma herself. Like the poor lost children in "Hansel and Gretel," she dropped small pieces of white paper as we started on our journey through the station. By retracing our steps along this trail we discovered we had been moving in a circle.

This was the end of our confusion. From then on we triumphantly passed Grand Concourse sitting peacefully in our seats. But could never forget the dreadful times when we desperately wanted to change to a platform that did not exist.

\* \* \*

I have to mail my first letter in America. I go down to the street looking for the nearest mail-box. In Germany all mail-boxes are alike, so when I see a box fastened to a lamp-post I try to put my letter in. A passer-by addresses me smiling with the words: "This is not a mail-box. It's a fire signal." Embarrassed, I walk on and, finally, I find a genuine mail-box. I try to put the letter in — and am balked! I am not able to open this box! In Europe the flap has to be lifted, here it has to be worked exactly the opposite way.

Observing me fumbling, a friendly gentleman comes to my rescue, and I learn how to recognize and operate this device of seemingly elementary simplicity.

\* \* \*

In Europe all doors are locked by turning the key to the right. In America the keys are turned both right and left. Well, it takes time, but, by and by, you get accustomed to this difference. Sometimes, however, you forget and then you are in trouble. I remember a New York apartment house with a self-service elevator which happened to be the first of its kind I had to use in this country. It was easy to get in, but enormously difficult to get out. First I could not find the door handle, which was set in a depression. Then, having found it, tried to turn it to the right. Of course it did not budge. I pressed the handle, pressed again and again, and began to fear that I would have to pass the rest of my life in this cell — when, suddenly I remembered that I was in the United States and had to turn the handle in the opposite direction. The door now opened, and soaked and wet with perspiration I regained my liberty.

But I still do not like and trust

this machine. You never know what surprise will meet you the next time. I might perhaps again fail to find the way out of the cell. So I prefer to walk upstairs when there is no elevator-boy to come to my assistance.

\* \* \*

The Europeans have to face the most difficult problems of life every day and they have to take them calmly, otherwise they could not bear living. For the newcomer in this country the easiest problems are sometimes the most difficult to meet. The garbage for instance.

In Europe I never had been conscious of garbage. The German housewife, as patient as a horse driven by a cabby, carries the garbage-pail every day to the courtyard, where — methodical as the Germans are — it has to be deposited on a certain spot and is collected by the city at a scheduled time.

In New York I found another system, and garbage became one of the great tasks of my life.

In the afternoon the janitor rings the bell to announce the approach of the dumbwaiter. First I rush to the door thinking it is the doorbell. Nobody there! I remember the garbage, and rush into the kitchen afraid of missing the short moment when the dumbwaiter passes our flat.

This is the most important moment of the day—to catch the passing dumbwaiter!

I hope by and by to become garbage-expert.

\* \* \*

I had been told that I had to turn to a Jewish syndicate if I wanted to sell my manuscripts. I had been told that this was not only the best way, but the only way to reach the Jewish press of the U. S. A. Thus I went to the best-known Jewish agency in New York, after having obtained the necessary appointment without which nobody worth mentioning can be spoken to here.

A gentleman received me, and showed no enthusiasm. I explained: "I have written a number of sketches dealing with Jewish life in Hitler's Germany, true episodes, both tragic and humorous, but bits of life as experienced by real people during and after the Jewish exodus from Germany."

He did not seem much impressed. After a short while he said: "what you offer, is of no interest to the readers of the papers with which we are in business. Such stuff has gone out of fashion. However, as you know, Hitler is

just now occupying Rumania. Can you offer some interesting articles on Rumania? We might be able to use them."

I was taken aback. I answered: "I have nothing about Rumania, and I think, you misunderstood my offer, dear Sir! I do not bring you political material. What I want to sell, are articles which may be of a certain lasting interest to every Jew who wants to gain some insight in the fate which has befallen the European Jews. Read the articles and, perhaps you will like them!" "No Sir," the gentleman replied, "I am not going to read your material. I insist, it is not up to date and it is of no value for us."

I got up, said good bye and left the agency, poorer by a hope, but richer by an experience.

Then I made up my mind to get in touch directly with the editors of the most important Jewish papers throughout the country. I obtained a list of such papers from the Jewish Yearbook and began to address them one after the other.

Right at the beginning of this task I heard from the editor of a Jewish journal in a southern state a tune which — alas — turned up very often afterwards in the answers to my modest inquiring. But when hearing this tune for the first time, I grew very angry. The Southerner wrote me that he only bought articles from syndicates. However, if I was ready to offer my sketches free of charge, he would look them over and print any he liked.

I resolved to give the man a piece of my mind. I wrote him that writing was my profession and that as a newcomer I had to make a living from my work. "Does the baker sell the rolls free of charge where you live?" I asked.

I did not expect an answer to this outburst, but sending it gave me some kind of relief. I imagined the editor would throw my letter into the waste basket. But to my surprise, I received a very polite answer. He told me that my letter had set him thinking. His principle was, he said, to buy only from syndicates. He wrote the address of the syndicate I knew already too well, and advised me to try to sell my manuscripts there.

But I did not want to give up so quickly. "Principles are nice and respectable," I replied, but the most important thing in life is to make exceptions to principles." I enclosed three

*Continued on page 22*



*The following is a condensation of an address delivered recently by the Vice President of the United States.*

## Why Did God Make America?

By VICE PRESIDENT HENRY A. WALLACE

**H**ISTORY thus far seems but a prelude to a magnificent world symphony. In this prelude many themes have been played. One glorious theme is how the Lord God Jehovah had a special interest in one chosen race, the Jews; in one promised land, Palestine. Century after century, according to the Good Book, God planted in the hearts of the Jews in the land of Palestine the seeds of justice, peace, long-suffering and charity. But the Jews by themselves and Palestine by herself could not build the Kingdom of Heaven here on earth. The spiritual essence of Judaism would eventually find its expression in America. But God held America back, and the Romans destroyed the Jewish nation.

The Roman theme, one of the most powerful in all history, laid down for the first time the broad concepts of large-scale administrative law. The Roman idea of law and discipline would later prove of great service to America. But God held His hand over America. Her time had not yet come.

Centuries went by. A new empire arose. This new Empire, the British, built by a sea-faring people who had come to England from the shores of the Baltic, had a stronger feeling about the rights of the common man than the Roman Empire had had. For thousands of years the ancestors of the British had lived an intense family and village life, and, based on this life, they developed the common law to govern relationships between man and man. On this common law and the factory and the art of world trading, England erected the mighty British Empire.

God still held His hand over America as a place where He would eventually weave together the historic ideas, the great cultures, or, if you please, the inmost essence representing that contributed by Palestine, by Rome, and by Britain. America was to be something new — a composite culture, a composite people, and something greater in culture and people than the mere addition of its component parts.

This land of America over which God had held His hand—how enormous her resources! How mighty her river systems—the Amazon, the Miss-

issippi, the Plata—finding their sources in the lofty backbone of the hemisphere, called in the north the Rockies and in the south the Andes, and in these mountains, the metals so necessary to modern civilization. And in the mountain valleys and at the foot of the mountains, vast acres of fertile soil, soil which was meant to feed well hundreds of millions of people for the first time in the history of the world, soil to produce starch out of which alcohol can be made to furnish the motive power when at last our enormous petroleum resources run low.

But America is more than a tale of rivers and mountains and metals and soils. In the electricity of her air, the brightness of her sunshine and the color of her landscapes, there is a lift, a breadth, which is the physical manifestation of the word "liberty."

For thousands of years, this America, the glorious physical America, was appreciated but not exploited by the Indians. And then God said:

Time is ripe. Here is a chosen land, a land of promise to be given to all—all—my people to be a blessing for the world.

And so the ideas of ancient Rome marched into America via Spain, Portugal, Italy, and France. And the ideas of northern Europe marched in via England. Bolivar, the great South American liberator who was also a political philosopher, in his famous speech of 1819 to the Venezuelan Congress, spoke of the extraordinary mixture of races which was going on in South America. Perhaps more than any other man of his time, Bolivar, while realizing the Iberian ancestry of Latin America, appreciated that something altogether new was being built here. He was the first to perceive clearly the meaning and eventual destiny of Pan-Americanism.

In the United States there is an even greater mixture of customs and cultures than in most of the countries of Latin America. English in language, we are not British in blood or customs. We have too many Irish, Germans, Negroes, French, Jews, Italians, Greeks, Scandinavians and Slavs for that. South America is neither Spanish nor Portuguese, and North America is not English. Both together repre-

sent the greater America—Pan-America—made for the most part out of the Old World, but essentially new, with a hope in the future based on pride of strength and joy in liberty, and through it all, humility and tolerance. We may live in a chosen land, but we do not belong to a chosen race.

And if America is a chosen land, it is not for her sake that she is chosen of the Lord at a certain stage in the world's history, but for the sake of all the world. We appreciate what has come to us from the steadfast British, the light-hearted Irish, the industrious Germans, the thrifty Frenchman, and all the rest, just as in Latin America there is the greatest admiration for the long-suffering patience of the Indians, the fiery pride of the Spaniards, the happy good nature of the Portuguese, and the artistic feelings of the Italians. Yes, we appreciate all that has come to us out of the past, but we insist that it be transformed into a greater hope for the future, into something which Europe and Africa and Asia will welcome as their brightest hope in the time to come.

All simple people who live close to the soil and the weather have a deep feeling for the sun as a symbolical father of our being, as the source of our food and our strength, and as the bringer of life and hope. Who can say that the prophet did not have America in his mind and the present day in his heart when he visioned the sun as a "Sun of righteousness"? When he said in the last chapter of the Old Testament:

For, behold, the day that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch. But unto you that feareth my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise, with healing in its wings.

The Spanish translation is slightly less poetic, but more literal, saying:

The Sun of justice will be born under whose wings or rays is salvation.

America, without pride of race but with complete tolerance and great power, can be that "Sun of righteousness" with healing in its wings. America can establish the time of truly great peace based on justice to all the peoples.

# THE NEWS OF THE MONTH

By LESTER LYONS

IN commemoration of the 25th anniversary of the issuance of the

Balfour Declaration, which expressed Great Britain's policy to facilitate the establishment of a Jewish National Home in Palestine, the American Emergency Committee for Zionist Affairs has designated November as Balfour month. Throughout the country, numerous mass meetings have been held under the auspices of the committee to commemorate the event and also to demonstrate the unity of the post-war aspirations of the Jews and other oppressed groups. Cooperating with the committee in these celebrations are the American Palestine Committee, headed by Senators Robert F. Wagner and Charles L. McNary, and other important national organizations. More than 200 Senators and Representatives, as well as distinguished educators, scientists and communal leaders are members of the American Palestine Committee, whose object is to assist in the establishment of a Jewish National Home in Palestine.

In honor of the memory of Lord Balfour, a children's home in England, which will accommodate 100 children who have been orphaned by air-raids, has been named the "Arthur James Balfour Home." Six other homes of this character bearing the names of Sarah Delano Roosevelt, Louis D. Brandeis, Meyer Levin—Colin P. Kelly, Dr. Chaim Weizmann, Dr. Stephen S. Wise and Dr. Israel Goldstein, have been established by the Jewish Section of the Inter-faith Committee for Aid to the Democracies. These homes, which cost \$25,000 each, are non-sectarian and are administered under the auspices of the British War Relief Society.

The nationwide celebration of Balfour Month has brought from many distinguished statesmen and public figures warm messages of support of the aims of the Balfour Declaration. Mr. Justice Felix Frankfurter, in his first extended message on Zionism since his accession to the Supreme Court, has declared that the experience of the past 25 years has "underscored the wisdom underlying the Balfour Declaration and the civilized purposes at which it was aimed." Prime Minister General Jan Christian Smuts of South Africa, who partici-

pated in the drafting of the document, has declared that "my faith in that Declaration remains unabated. The promise of a Jewish National Home should be carried out to the letter; and it is my belief that the situation after this war will give added force and opportunity to the fulfillment of that promise."

Secretary of State Cordell Hull declared: "Of all the inhuman and tyrannical acts of Hitler and his Nazi lieutenants, their systematic persecu-

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## 5000 RUSSIAN JEWS DECORATED FOR HEROIC WAR SERVICE

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At the celebration of Soviet Russia's Silver Jubilee, 5,000 Jews were officially decorated for heroic deeds in combating the invading Nazi forces. The Soviet press has emphasized the opportunities afforded the Jews since the birth of the Soviet regime.

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tion of the Jewish people is the most debased . . . At the moment of triumph under the terms of the Atlantic Charter, the United Nations will be prepared not only to redeem their hopes of a future world based upon freedom, equality and justice but to create a world in which such a tragedy will not occur again."

Senator Elbert Thomas of Utah has urged that the establishment of the Jewish National Home be settled beyond question even before the end of the war. At a great demonstration in London, Arthur Greenwood, head of the British Labor Party, declared that that Party is pledged to do all in its power to facilitate the rebuilding of the Jewish National Home.

John J. Winant, United States Ambassador to Great Britain, has declared that the persecution of Jews is a matter of international concern. Speaking at Leeds University, Mr. Winant said:

"The Jewish persecution in Germany is no longer a domestic issue. The trouble was that our world has been losing the sense of solidarity, the sense of certain decencies without

which no civilization could keep up its immunity against the disease of barbarism. What was true of our attitude towards minorities was also reflected in our indifference to the fate of other nations. A slow decay of conscience was taking place in a world of declining economic stability."

In order to facilitate full utilization of the services of refugee doctors in the war effort, the National Committee for Resettlement of Foreign Physicians, affiliated with the National Refugee Service, has inquired of 3,000 registrants concerning their availability for filling essential civilian medical posts. This project is being carried out in cooperation with the Office of Procurement and Assignment. This step follows a recent Army ruling reversing a previous rule which permitted foreign physicians to be eligible for commissions after becoming naturalized. The opportunities for refugees to serve as physicians in the Army are now stringently limited.

The Mapay or Jewish Labor Party in Palestine has declared that the Jews of Palestine do not intend to displace or exploit the Arabs but rather seek to cooperate with them in the development of the Middle East. A resolution adopted by the Party states that "the Jewish people extend the hand of friendship to the Arabs as a nation of equal rights and are ready to cooperate with them in developing the Middle Eastern territories."

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## "MASSACHUSETTS, PALESTINE"

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The New England Jewish National Fund has resolved at a conference to establish in Palestine a colony bearing the name of Massachusetts, where refugees and demobilized soldiers could be settled. Governor Saltonstall, in a message to the Conference, said, "The establishment of this colony in Palestine will serve to associate democratic ideals of the founding fathers of our commonwealth with the Jewish pioneers who are laying the foundation of the Jewish homeland upon the sacred soil of their fathers."



Patriarch Nikodem, head of the Greek Orthodox Church in Roumania, has notified Premier General Antonescu of his intention to resign from his post in protest against the continued massacre of Jews. Although the Patriarch is the supreme religious leader of the country, his repeated appeals to stop the brutal treatment of the Jews in Roumania have been ignored . . . In a similar protest, 120 peasant families, constituting the entire population of a certain Roumanian village, adopted the Jewish faith. They declared they would rather share the fate of the persecuted Jews than be silent in the face of the barbarities inflicted on the Jews. The Roumanian government retaliated by expelling these peasants from the village and confiscating their property . . . The official in charge of the "Roumanization" of Jewish property has been given special powers by the government to proceed against non-Jews for hindering that process . . . Although yielding to Nazi pressure for intensive measures against the Jews, the Roumanian government has secretly instructed its officials not to permit Jewish property to come into the possession of Germans.

Over 7,000 refugees have during the past three months fled to Switzerland and Spain, from Holland, Belgium and France, because of fear of deportation to the East. Most of these refugees entered the neutral countries without documents. All of them are destitute. Many have been interned or jailed. The Joint Distribution Committee has been attempting to alleviate the situation of these refugees.

A number of refugees detained in Cuba for various reasons may soon be released upon their satisfying the authorities that they are genuine refugees, devoted to the cause of the democracies. The Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society, which is in touch with these immigrants, has reported that the Cuban Department of Immigration is endeavoring to release from internment camps Jewish refugees, in the near future.

The Axis has appealed to the Arabs of Egypt, Syria and Palestine to rise against the Allies. A Nazi broadcast states that "Germany considers the Arabs to be a superior race. The political struggle of the Arabs for the liberation of Palestine

from Jewish hands entitled the Arabs to a special place in Germany's new order." The racial department of the Nazi Party, in denying any hostility to the Semitic peoples as such, has declared: "Axis enemies are spreading a rumor that Germany despises the

### **JEWISH NORSE PATRIOTS BATTLE QUISLINGS**

The Nazis have blamed the Jews for the acts of sabotage and revolt against the Nazi regime in Norway. The Nazi press in that country has openly demanded the physical extermination of the entire Jewish community because of the death of a Quisling guard. The Nazis have also threatened to deprive the Jews of Norway of their citizenship, confiscate their property, expel them from the country, and confine them in concentration camps until expulsion becomes possible.

Arabs and considers them to be as low a race as the Jews. This is absolutely false. Our racial policy is not directed against Semitic nations, but against Jews exclusively. This policy is built on the theory of respecting foreign races which have built great civilizations."

The Fascist Government in Italy has decided to confiscate the homes and properties of Italian Jews for the benefit of Italians whose homes were

### **PRIVATE PLEDGES PART OF SALARY TO UNITED JEWISH APPEAL**

A private in the United States forces in a distant post has made an unsolicited contribution to the United Jewish Appeal for Refugees, Overseas Needs and Palestine. Private Belman Shore, stationed in the British West Indies, has pledged a substantial increased contribution to the Appeal out of his wages as an army private.

lost during the bombardment of the cities in which they live. The confiscation of Jewish homes has already begun in Rome and other cities.

That loudness, vulgarity, money-mindedness and the like are "Jewish traits" is "all bunk — plain and unadulterated," in the opinion of Dr. Rudolf Pintner, non-Jewish professor

of psychology at Columbia University. In a current issue of the National Jewish Monthly published by B'nai B'rith, Dr. Pintner is reported as declaring that these traits are a product of environment and are not peculiar to Jews. Dr. Pintner definitely declares that psychology has not discovered that these are inherent or inborn Jewish traits.

Thousands of residents of Yugoslavia and other Balkan states, who have for generations lived as a separate German minority, are now seeking to evade their obligations as Germans under the Nazi regime. Many of them have sought to pass as Jews rather than to enter military service. A secret organization has been discovered in Yugoslavia which provides these Germans with false documents purporting to describe them as Jews or of Jewish origin.

The training of children of school age in Palestine in cultural and industrial crafts for the war effort and also for the period of the war is one of the important subjects which will be considered at the Annual Convention of Junior Hadassah to be held at the end of this month in this city. The convention will be marked by a "United Nations Youth Session," at which representatives of the United Nations, chosen by their Embassies here, will speak on the activities and hopes of the youth of their countries. The session will be opened with a Service Flag Ceremony in tribute to Junior Hadassah members who have joined the WAACS and the WAVES and to graduates of Meier Shfeyah and Youth Aliyah who have joined the Middle East Army.

An extraordinary Labor Zionist Convention will be held in the Spring of 1943 to determine the movement's program with respect to the position of the Jews in the post-war world; to advise methods of immediate relief to distressed Jewry; and to accelerate the rebuilding of the Jewish homeland in Palestine. This resolution was adopted by a recent Poale Zionist Convention held in Syracuse. This organization declared that the serious situation of Jewry requires the utmost unified action of all sections of the movement and agreed to share its political prerogatives with affiliates in the Zionist and Jewish communal field.

# BROOKLYN JEWISH CENTER ACTIVITIES

## **Rabbi Dembowitz to Preach Friday**

This Friday night, November 20th, at our late services which begin at 8:30 o'clock, we shall have as our guest, Rabbi Morris Dembowitz, one of the younger men in the rabbinate. Rabbi Dembowitz is Assistant Director of Field Activities for the Jewish Theological Seminary of America. He graduated from the Seminary a few years ago and is regarded as one of the very able young men in the ministry. He will preach on the subject, "The Charter of Man." We trust that all the members and their friends will attend. Rev. Kantor will lead in the congregational singing.

Cantor Berele Chagy, who will be our visiting guest cantor for the Sabbath, will sing the solo before the delivery of the sermon.

## **Cantor Chagy and Feig Choir to Officiate This Sabbath**

The famous cantor, Rev. Berele Chagy, will be the season's first guest cantor of the Center and will officiate this Saturday morning, November 21st. The services will begin at 8:30 o'clock. He will be assisted by the Center high holiday choir, under the leadership of Mr. Joel Feig.

## **Dr. Sachar Guest Speaker at Hadassah Celebration**

The 25th anniversary of the Brooklyn Chapter of Hadassah will be celebrated at the Brooklyn Jewish Center on Monday afternoon, November 23rd at 1:30 o'clock.

Dr. Abram L. Sachar will be the guest speaker. Mrs. Joseph Horowitz is chairman of the Program Committee.

## **Daily Services**

Morning services at 7 and 8.  
Sunday morning additional services at 9.  
Mincha services at 5:15 p.m.

## **Sabbath Services**

Kindling of candles at 5:17 o'clock.  
Friday evening services at 5:15.  
Sabbath services, Parsha Vayeze, will commence at 8:45 a.m.  
Rabbi Levinthal will speak on the weekly portion of the Law.  
Class in Ein Yaakov, under the

leadership of Mr. Benjamin Hirsh, at 4:15 p.m.

Mincha services at 5:15 p.m.

## **Center to Honor Moses Ginsberg Wednesday Evening**

Moses Ginsberg, one of the founders and most active leaders in the Brooklyn Jewish Center will be honored at a Testimonial Dinner which will be given to him next Wednesday evening, November 25th (Thanksgiving Eve). The dinner is arranged in grateful appreciation for the services rendered by Mr. Ginsberg since the inception of the Center.

Among those who will address the dinner will be Dr. Levinthal, Justice Edward Lazansky and Prof. Louis Finkelstein. A musical program has been arranged.

We are still in a position to accept reservations and members who wish to attend this important event are asked to please telephone the Center office immediately. (Tel. PResident 4-1400). The price is \$5.00 per person. Dress, optional.

The committee in charge of the dinner is headed by Mr. Max Herzfeld with Mr. Samuel Lemberg as Vice-Chairman and Mr. David Goodstein as Treasurer.

## **Louis J. Gribetz, Newly Elected President of E. P. Zionist District**

The E. P. Zionist District, at a meeting held on November 17th at the Center, elected Louis J. Gribetz, President of the district for the ensuing year.

The other officers are: Joseph Goldberg, Rabbi Mordecai Lewittes, Lester Lyons, Kalman I. Ostow, and Frank Schaeffer, Vice Presidents; Jacob A. Fortunoff, Treasurer and Charles Rubenstein, Secretary. Maurice Bernhardt is Chairman of the Executive Committee. The honorary officers are: Rabbi Israel H. Levinthal, Honorary President; Hon. William I. Siegel and Dr. David Tannenbaum, Honorary Vice Presidents.

## **To Members Planning Bar Mitzvahs**

Members who are planning Bar Mitzvahs in the near future, are requested to please reserve the date far in advance.

According to the rules of the Center, the boy whose Bar Mitzvah is booked first receives the privilege of getting the maftir. In the event that another Bar Mitzvah is scheduled for the same day, the second boy receives one of the other aliyahs and can read a passage from the Torah.

It is therefore advisable that reservations for Bar Mitzvahs be made as far in advance as is possible.

## **Open Meeting of the Nominating Committee November 22nd**

A Nominating Committee has recently been elected for the purpose of preparing a list of officers, members of the Board of Trustees and the Governing Board to be voted upon at the next annual meeting of the Brooklyn Jewish Center to be held on January 28, 1943.

The Nominating Committee will hold an open meeting this Sunday morning, November 22nd at 11 o'clock in the Dining Room of our building. Center members who wish to offer suggestions to the Nominating Committee are cordially invited to appear at this meeting and present these suggestions or to make their recommendations to any member of the Nominating Committee.

## **Sisterhood Board Meeting Nov. 23rd**

The next meeting of the Board of Directors of the Sisterhood will be held on Monday afternoon, November 23rd, promptly at 12:45. The meeting will be over in time to enable the members to attend the Hadassah rally scheduled for that afternoon.

## **Institute of Jewish Studies for Adults Now in 10th Season**

Our Institute of Jewish Studies for Adults has started its 10th year of activity with a fine registration.

There are four Hebrew groups given on Thursday evenings. These Hebrew classes are grouped as follows:

Beginner's Class in charge of Miss Ungar, meeting at 8 p.m.

Second Year Course in charge of Mrs. Beder, meeting at 9 p.m.



Third Year Course in charge of Miss Macow, meeting at 9 p.m.

Fourth Year Course in charge of Miss Rubee, meeting at 8 p.m.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Kartzinel leads a course in the Jewish religion at 8 p.m. and Dr. Michael Higger, the noted Talmudic scholar has a class in the text of the Talmud at 8 o'clock and at 9 o'clock gives a lecture course on the legends and folklore of the Talmud. On Wednesday mornings, there is a special class for women in charge of Mrs. Helen Levinthal Lyons at 10 o'clock, a course in the Bible, and at 11 o'clock, a course in Jewish History.

Registration is still open for all of the classes and we hope that many will avail themselves of the opportunity to join these groups.

#### **Hebrew School and Sunday School**

The annual Chanukah entertainment will take place on Sunday, December 6th. The students of the Hebrew School will present a Hebrew playlet called "The Rebellion of the Maccabees" under the direction of Mrs. Serbin-Beder. The Sunday School students will present an English playlet under the direction of Mr. S. Wiener called "What's Tonight?" The musical program will be directed by Rev. Samuel Kantor and Miss Roma Kantor. Dr. Israel H. Levinthal will address the parents and guests. Rabbi Mordecai H. Lewittes will serve as chairman of the festival program.

One hundred and fifty-four students are now studying Hebrew at the Center's religious schools. Of these 118 are enrolled in the Talmud Torah, 16 in the high school class and 20 in the pre-consecration Hebrew class. This is the largest enrollment in many years.

#### **Clubs**

The Dramatic Group is planning a dramatic production for the near future. Meetings every Sunday at 2 p.m.

The Inta-League, consisting of boys and girls in the upper grades of high school is planning an evening of Old-Tyme Movies for Saturday night, November 21st. The girls of the Inta-League are studying Zionism during their discussion hour. Dancing follows every cultural meeting at 9 o'clock.

The Shomrim (boys in lower grades of high school) are engaged in various war activities. Meetings every

## **APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP**

### ***The following have applied for membership in the Brooklyn Jewish Center:***

Druskin, Dr. Sidney S.  
Res. 1760 Union St.  
Bus. Optician, 1373 B'way.  
Married

*Proposed by Harold Lipsky*

Emerman, Alexander M.  
Res. 50 Lefferts Ave.  
Bus. Power Plants, 2 Rector St.  
Married

King Henry K.  
Res. 20 Plaza St.  
Bus. Electric Protection,  
7 Humboldt St.  
Married

*Proposed by Louis Levine*

Kreger, Phil  
Res. 915 Washington Ave.  
Bus. Transportation,  
566 Flushing Ave.  
Married

Ottenstein, Morris Z.  
Res. 135 Eastern Pkway.  
Bus. C.P.A., 217 Broadway  
Married  
*Proposed by Frank Schaeffer  
and David Spiegel*

Kibakove, Lionel A.  
Res. 1063 Carroll St.  
Single

*Proposed by B. Gabel*

Schub, Isidore  
Res. 868 East New York Ave.  
Bus. Batteries, 59 Pearl St.  
Married

*Proposed by Frank Schaeffer*

Tepper, Isador  
Res. 430 Rockaway Pkway.  
Bus. Bindery, 217 W. 25th St.  
Single

Zurich, Mrs. Dora  
Res. 706 Eastern Pkway.  
*Proposed by Abe Mann and  
Mrs. Lena Rosenman*

### ***The following has applied for reinstatement in the Brooklyn Jewish Center:***

Isacowitz, Bernard  
Res. 959 Park Place  
Bus. Real Estate, 1662 Pitkin Ave.  
Married

*Proposed by Hyman Rachmil  
and Louis Albert*

**MAURICE BERNHARDT, Chairman  
Membership Comm.**

Saturday night at 7:30 in the gymnasium for athletics.

The Vivalets (girls in upper grades of elementary school) and the Candle-Lites are planning latke parties for Chanukah. Meetings every Saturday night.

The Maccabees have organized many athletic and cultural activities. Boys in elementary school are invited to join. Meetings every Saturday night.

The clubs are directed by expert leaders under the direction of Rabbi Mordecai Lewittes. Children of Center members or students in Center schools are eligible.

### ***Union Thanksgiving Service To Be Held Thursday Morning, Nov. 26th***

A Union Thanksgiving Service has been arranged by the Brooklyn Jewish Ministers Association in which all the rabbis and congregations of our Borough will take part. This Union service is held annually at a different Synagogue. This year, the service will be held on Thursday morning, November 26th at 10:30 o'clock, at Tem-

ple Emanu-El of Borough Park, at 4900 - 14th Avenue, Brooklyn.

The guest speaker will be Dr. Max Drob, Rabbi of the Concourse Center of Israel of the Bronx and one of the most prominent members of the New York Rabbinate. We trust that many of our members will attend this joint Thanksgiving service.

### ***Condolences***

We extend our heartfelt expressions of sympathy and condolence to the following:

Mr. Joseph N. Blumberg of 386 Linden Blvd., on the death of his sister, Mrs. Pauline Polisar on November 13th.

Mrs. Harry E. Jerrold of 1275 Carroll Street upon the death of her father on November 12th.

Mrs. John Sklar of 1298 President Street on the passing of her grandson, Capt. Stanley B. Sovatkin on November 13th.

Mrs. Judah Trotzky of 275 Linden Blvd., upon the loss of her father, Morris Schott on November 13th.

## THE LAST LAP

This is the last week of the Mortgage Redemption Drive—the last lap of a great and far-reaching effort.

Let us achieve the goal—which is now so clearly in sight. Let us make the final contributions which will liberate the Center from its burden of debt.

We are setting an example that is inspiring communal institutions throughout the country. Let it go down in American Jewish communal history that an organization of only about 1,000 members raised among themselves the huge sum of \$160,000.

And this will be made possible only if EVERY member reaches out his hand to lift the burden.

JOSEPH M. SCHWARTZ, Pres.  
MAX HERZFELD, Chairman  
Mortgage Redemption  
Campaign Committee

### CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

#### *First Aid and Nutrition Classes Now in Progress*

The following classes are now functioning in our building:

##### *First Aid*

Monday—8:30 to 10:30 p.m.—given by Miss Osterman.

Tuesday—8 to 10 p.m.—given by Miss Osterman.

Wednesday—8 to 10 p.m.—given by Dr. Goldring.

Thursday—2 to 4 p.m.—given by Miss Osterman.

##### *Advanced First Aid*

Thursday—8 to 10 p.m.—given by Mr. Beckerman.

##### *Nutrition*

Monday—8:30 to 10:30 p.m.—given by Miss Doris Stark.

Thursday—2 to 4 p.m.—given by Mrs. Roberta Kohn.

#### *Bandage Work at the Center Tuesdays*

The Committee on Civilian War Activities has received requests for more bandages for the Red Cross. We appeal to all women of the Center and their friends to join in the work of making bandages every Tuesday from 10:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. and from 7:30 to 10:30 p.m. Please bring with you a white hoover apron and a pair of scissors. This is an important piece of work that should receive the cooperation of all women of the Center.

### Forum Lectures Conducted by the Brooklyn Jewish Center

#### 23rd SEASON

*Opening Lecture for the  
1942-43 Season*

#### NOVEMBER 23rd

#### DR. STEPHEN S. WISE

Famous orator and Jewish leader,

will speak on:

"WALLACE AND SMUTS—TWO  
ENGLISH SPEAKING PROPHETS  
OF OUR TIMES"

#### NOVEMBER 30th

#### DR. ANUP SINGH

Biographer of Nehru, political scientist; authority on India and the Far East; Editor of "India Today,"

will discuss:

"BRITAIN IN INDIA — A NEW  
APPROACH TO AN OLD  
PROBLEM"

#### DECEMBER 7th

#### DR. WALTER FISCHER

Lecturer in Oriental studies, Hebrew University, Jerusalem; authority on the life and history of the Near and Middle East.

#### DECEMBER 14th

#### FLETCHER PRATT

Former military authority of the "New York Post." Expert on naval and military affairs.

#### DECEMBER 21st

#### DR. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Noted leader of opinion long popular with Center audiences.

#### DECEMBER 28th

#### SIGRID SCHULTZ

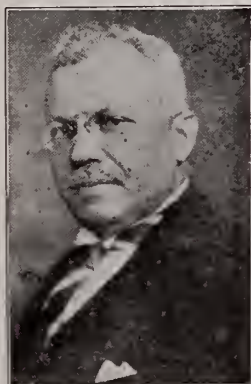
Famous woman correspondent and radio commentator; Director of Berlin Bureau of the "Chicago Tribune" — 1925-1941

Admission is free to Center members. Admission to non-members, 30c including tax

ONE OF AMERICA'S  
FAMOUS FORUMS



## SAMUEL ROTTENBERG HONORED ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY



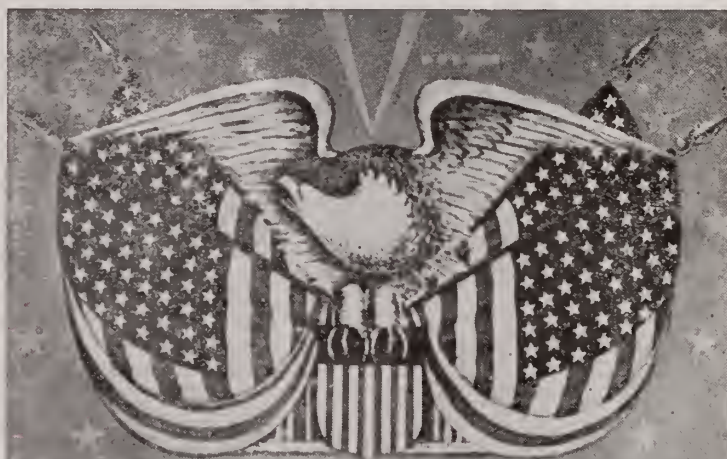
Samuel Rottenberg

THE Board of Trustees tendered a surprise dinner in honor of Mr. Samuel Rottenberg, Honorary President of the Brooklyn Jewish Center, on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. The impressive, though intimate gathering took place on Thursday evening, October 29th. Brief addresses stressing the activities of Mr. Rottenberg in behalf of the Center and other communal endeavors were delivered by Rabbi Levinthal, Mr. Bernard Semel, a life-long friend of Mr. Rottenberg, and Mr. Moses Ginsberg. Mr. Isidor Fine, on behalf of the Board of Trustees, presented Mr. Rottenberg with a suitable gift bearing the engraved facsimile signature of the members and honorary members of the Board. Judge Emanuel Greenberg, 1st Vice-President of the Center, presided in the absence of our President, Mr. Joseph M. Schwartz, who was ill.

On the same evening the Center membership, at the general meeting, unanimously adopted the following resolution of congratulation to Mr. Rottenberg:

"WHEREAS Mr. Samuel Rottenberg, Honorary President of the Brooklyn Jewish Center has just celebrated his 70th birthday anniversary, and

WHEREAS the membership of the Brooklyn Jewish Center is desirous of giving expression to the esteem and affection in which Mr. Rottenberg is held by the members of the institution, and to its gratefulness for his untiring leadership and his selfless devotion to the interests of the Brooklyn Jewish Center.



### SERVING OUR COUNTRY BROOKLYN JEWISH CENTER HONOR ROLL

The following is an additional list of Center members, and sons and grandsons of Center members, serving with the United States armed forces. The list includes names received up to the time of going to press.

Dilbert, Bernard

Jaffe, Harold L.

Kirschbaum, Jonas

Pressner, Bernard

Rosenheim, George Price

Schwartz, Harry

Weinstein, Dr. M. E., Captain

BE IT, THEREFORE, RESOLVED that we, the members of the Brooklyn Jewish Center, at a general membership meeting, held on Thursday evening, October 29th, extend to Mr. Samuel Rottenberg our sincere congratulations on his 70th birthday and our best wishes that he may be blessed with many more years of health, happiness and contentment, together with the members of his family.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Mr. Samuel Rottenberg."

#### *Dr. Levinthal Presents Books to Library*

Rabbi Levinthal presented a number of Hebrew, English and Yiddish books to the library in honor of Mrs. Levinthal's birthday. Rabbi and Mrs. Levinthal also presented a number of important volumes in honor of their son, Lazar's, birthday.

#### *Personal*

Stanley A. Model, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry I. Model received his Master of Arts degree from the School of Education of New York University.

#### *Congratulations*

We extend our heartiest congratulations and best wishes to:

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldberg of 706 Eastern Parkway who announce the marriage of their daughter, Beatrice, to Staff Sgt. Alfred J. Hanft on November 14th.

### **BASKETBALL GAME**

This Sunday Eve'g., Nov. 22nd  
at 9 o'clock

**Brooklyn Jewish Center**  
vs.  
**Workmen's Circle**

Preliminary Game at 8 o'clock  
Admission including Tax:  
55c to all

The next home game: December 6th  
**UNION TEMPLE**

Y.F.L. Invitation Dance follows game  
and between halves

### **IN MEMORIAM**

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of our member

**Mrs. Samuel Feldman**  
of 1643 President Street on November 17th.

We extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt expressions of sympathy and condolence.

### **MEMOIRS OF A REFUGEE**

*Continued from page 14*

samples of my articles, and using the style I had read in many ads, I asked: "Why not try and use my stuff for a change?" I concluded by saying that I would not charge very much, only a few dollars a piece.

Receiving this package, the man must have thought: "How on earth can I get rid of this bore?" He hit upon a funny idea. He sent my sketches back with his compliments, still insisting on his principles, but enclosed a check for one dollar!

I was amazed! My first impulse was to send the dollar back, but on second thought I saw him smiling when getting back this "fortune", so I kept it for good luck. Some time later I did have better luck; as you can see by reading these lines.

### **Thanksgiving Dinners**

will be served at the Center

**Thursday, November 26th**

from 12 Noon to 6 P. M.

at \$2.25 per dinner

Special Children's Luncheon — \$1.75

Dinner and Dance Music

Accommodations only through  
advance reservations

Tel. — Mr. Kotimsky PR. 4-1400

The Center has completed its  
quota of \$250,000 in the  
sale of  
**WAR BONDS & STAMPS**

Help Us Reach Our Next Goal:  
One-Half Million by the  
end of 1942!

**BUY YOUR BONDS and STAMPS  
AT THE CENTER!**

OUR ONLY STORE  
**Hyman Spitz Inc.**  
FLORIST & FRUITER

1685 PITKIN AVE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

**WEDDING  
DECORATIONS**  
**Our Specialty**

We Carry A Complete  
Line of

**Fruit Baskets**  
for every occasion

**THE BROOKLYN JEWISH  
CENTER'S OFFICIAL  
FLORIST**

TELEPHONE DICKENS 2-4000



## THE CENTER'S OWN MOSES GINSBERG

*Continued from page 9*

marine business fell into a bad slump. Mr. Ginsberg lost his money again. "I lost even my shoe laces," he placidly recalls. But he was not in the least discouraged. He still had a wonderful asset in his good name. He returned to real estate, but on a bigger and better scale. Capital? It would come. He built magnificent residential hotels, and cooperative apartment houses. Again he was successful. Prosperity flowed back to him.

Then came 1929, and Moses Ginsberg was wrecked once more. But up he came, with the same cheerful confidence, the same keen vision — and the same good name. He took to the seas again, and that is where he is today, doing better than ever, and with his fleet of cargo vessels helping considerably in the war effort.

\* \* \*

Moses Ginsberg's affiliation with the Brooklyn Jewish Center, and the role he played in its organization and development, is a chapter in itself—a pretty full chapter, filled with zeal and vigorous effort and unswerving devotion to the ideal of a Jewish Center that would be of the greatest usefulness to the Jewish community and an ornament to American life in general.

His work for the Center began when the late Louis Cohen tried to enlist his interest in the building of a synagogue. Ginsberg replied that he already belonged to a synagogue and wasn't interested in just adding another house of worship to the many already in existence. But he was interested in the creation of a Jewish Center. Cohen agreed to join him. Ginsberg called in his admired friend, Samuel Rottenberg, and thereafter the two worked tirelessly to give Brooklyn a Center that would be the finest in scope, the most beautiful in structure. Even before the funds were raised, even before any building plans were drawn, Ginsberg suggested to Mr. Rottenberg, who became the President of the Center, that Rabbi Israel H. Levinthal, then of the Petach Tikvah congregation, be engaged. He recognized in Dr. Levinthal the spiritual leader who could best fashion the projected center into the institution he dreamed of.

Dr. Levinthal was approached, and although he was asked to throw in his lot with a yet non-existent organization, he was fired by Ginsberg's and Rottenberg's enthusiasm, and accepted the post. Dr. Levinthal in turn re-

commended as executive secretary of the projected institution a young man who had then recently returned from service with the A. E. F. in France, and was now engaged in communal work, Joseph Goldberg.

The financial problems of the new venture gave the pioneers considerable cause for anxiety. They felt that while the institution was to serve the community at large, the financial responsibility should be assumed completely by the membership. Appeals to the public for funds were ruled out.

A bond issue, which was to be a second mortgage on the building, was proposed, and it was Ginsberg who insisted that those who led in the formation of the Center should subscribe substantially—and by substantially he meant \$10,000 each. This was a rather large sum, and Ginsberg was not so well-to-do as to be able to write ten thousand dollar checks casually. Yet he and his associates—five of them—pledged that amount, and so before they went to others they had a subscription of \$60,000, a sum which later swelled until about \$375,000 in bonds was sold to members of the Center. This amount, plus the \$400,000 first mortgage, and loans from banks, made it possible to complete the building.

The original plans for the financial support of the Center through income, as envisioned by Ginsberg and Rottenberg and the other pioneers, had to be changed, for they were far ahead of their time. Eventually the Center had to resort to such traditional methods of fund-raising as bazaars, assessments, appeals, concerts, etc., for the upkeep of the building and the reduction of indebtedness. But the ideals of these founding fathers served as an inspirational light, and today these ideals brought about the present revolutionary action—the redemption of the mortgage.

Mr. Ginsberg strenuously objected to the bazaar method of financing, and eventually won out when the depression years came. He it was too, who suggested that the dues be reduced in half in order to save the membership from dwindling.

After the Center was built, and throughout its existence, Moses Ginsberg had a leading part in everything that concerned its welfare, and whenever there was any movement to promote its growth and broaden its influence, he was close to it.

Mr. Ginsberg's work with the Brooklyn Federation of Jewish Charities dates back to 1910. When Samuel Rottenberg headed the movement for the kosherizing of the Federation affiliates, and for the inclusion of orthodox institutions within the Federation, Mr. Ginsberg supported him wholeheartedly. Both of them were elected as members of the Federation Board of Directors after they succeeded in kosherizing the Hebrew Orphan Asylum and in bringing in all the Talmud Torahs of Brooklyn.

When the New York Kehillah was organized he was one of the so-called "Sanhedrin" of 70 directors. From 1912 to 1915 Mr. Ginsberg served as a member of its Executive Committee.

Limitation of space prevents an account of Mr. Ginsberg's philanthropic work. This can be summarized briefly by saying that there is hardly a Jewish organization catering to the well-being of the community with which he is not connected either through personal activity, or substantial contributions.

Worth honoring indeed, is this man, who started with a peddler's pack and ended with the possession of that most priceless of assets, the love and admiration of his neighbors.

## THE GREEN TIE

*Continued from page 12*

*nicer cri* of fashion. Anyway, they hated everyone who wore a tie.

When Mr. Cleophas appeared in the park again, the noisy man with the string around his neck shouted: "The men with the green ties are thieves!" And some people shouted with him.

And when he returned for the third time, the entire crowd, led by the noisy fellow with the string tie, screamed: "The men with green ties are murderers!" Cleophas noticed that many eyes were focused on him. Remembering that he too had occasionally worn a green tie, he turned to this fellow and asked: "Precisely whom do you mean? Perhaps me?" Whereupon the other replied suavely: "But Mr. Cleophas, how can you think that?—You don't wear a green tie!" And he shook hands with him and assured him of his deep respect.

Cleophas bowed and left. But as soon as he had gone far enough, the man with the string around his neck clapped his hands and exclaimed: "Did you see how it struck him? Who dares doubt now that Cleophas is a libertine, a thief and a murderer!"

Congratulations to  
Moses Ginsberg  
and the  
Mortgage Committee

of the Brooklyn Jewish Center on the outstanding success which it has achieved to date. This is indeed a remarkable accomplishment, and we know the Center members will continue their efforts until their goal is reached.

●

**CONSOLIDATED TAXPAYERS  
MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY**

**HARRY STRONGIN, President**

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